

GALIMATHIAS

To M. C.

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The man in the blue coat straddled the shoulder of a hill
and vanished into an inkwell of cloud.

Whereupon a storm was ordained:

Out of the shrill silence the crickets began to shriek the
birds to wheel madly and a man with a brown back
to gather all hay as the sun slid down t'other side
of a mountain.

— I cannot forget the bitter taste of their words, nor put
out of mind the clatter of their laughter, I said.

What a sun!

— I cannot help believing that the ducks are laughing
at me, she said.